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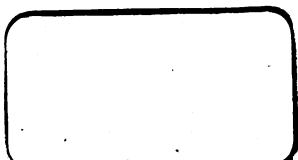
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SNATCHES
OF
SACRED SONG.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "THE PROTOPLAST."

LONDON:
WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
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**WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.**

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SNATCHES OF SACRED SONG.

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

“The day hath enough with his own grief.”—Matt. vii. 2,
Old Translation.

TAKE no thought for the morrow, its trials or
dangers ;

Why burden thy spirit with deepening gloom ?

Ah ! *to-day* hath enough to distress and perplex
thee ;

It needeth no shadow of dark things to come.

Take no thought for the morrow—no sorrow shall
touch thee,

But that which thy God in His love hath decreed.

Go to Christ with thy grief, as it *daily* ariseth,

And seek for His strength, in the *moment* of need.

Take no thought for the morrow—rich mercy
abounding

Has marked every step of thy pathway till now ;
Put thy trust, then, in God for the still distant future,
Effacing those dark lines of care from thy brow.

Take no thought for the morrow—its dawning may
find thee

A spirit at rest 'neath the altar of God,
With the *last* battle fought, and the *last* trial ended,
The victory won, through Immanuel's blood.

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

HOLY teachings have been with thee, whisperings
of the world to come—

Songs of angels—gleams of glory—glimpses of the
Christian's home.

Thou hast seen the Lord transfigured, and the mount
of vision trod ;

Led by the revealing Spirit, thou hast searched deep
things of God.

Thou hast been from earth uplifted; thou hast
dreamed of Paradise:

Crystal sea, and throne, and rainbow—all have
been before thine eyes.

Borne above the sense of sorrow, thou hast passed
within the veil;

Thou hast talked with the departed, once, like thee,
so weak and frail.

Thou hast tasted of the gladness by delivered souls
possest;

Thou hast heard their Hallelujahs; thou hast
understood their rest.

Thou hast longed, like one of old time, never to
return again

To a world of sin and error, to a life of grief and
pain.

But the scene has changed too quickly; darkness
has become thy shroud;

Satan has prevailed to try thee, to encompass thee
with cloud.

Lest thou should'st forget thy nature, lest thou
should'st on self rely,
Thou art left to prove thy weakness, and to feel thy
misery.

In thy flesh, then, hath been planted, by thy Foe,
a pricking thorn ;
And, as hour by hour it rankleth, thou art weary,
faint, and worn.

Thou art praying, watching, waiting, yet it passeth
not away ;
And there is not aught so sickening as a hope
deferred each day.

Oft thy burdened heart is asking, " Can this
discipline be love ?
Does the very bruise of Satan really my adoption
prove ? "

Hush ! e'en now, thy Father, speaking, answers
from the heavenly land ;
Tells thee how this deep affliction has proceeded
from his hand.

Hitherto, thy lamentations have but drowned His
tender voice ;
He, the God of power, commands thee in thy trial
to rejoice.

Grace is pledged thee, grace sufficient for thy
deepest, longest need ;
Help, when thou art feeling weakness ; strength
for every word and deed.

Fear no more, for He is with thee ; check each
murmur, and be still :
He shall show thee how to *suffer*, how to *do* his
righteous will.

GOD'S GIFTS.

“Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing that the Lord thy
God giveth thee.”

THE beauties of the earth and sky,
Of lake, and flood, and sea ;
The charms of Nature's ministry,
Are all ordained for thee.

The perfumed breath of new-born spring,
The violets of the vale,
Melodious birds upon the wing,
Crocus, and snowdrop pale,—
These are the gifts of God—Rejoice ! rejoice !

The sunshine and the early rain,
The bubbling brooks and rills,
The verdure of the meadow-plain,
The heather of the hills,
The fruit-trees, with their produce bowed,
The gathered harvest sheaves,
The welcome shade of summer-cloud,
The red, autumnal leaves,—
These are the gifts of God—Rejoice ! rejoice !

The *love* of Nature, and the power
To read her glowing page ;
The pleasures of each passing hour,
In youth, or riper age ;
The buoyant, bounding pulse of health ;
The strength for duty's task ;
Bright thoughts, and garnered mental wealth,
More than thy soul didst ask ;—
These are the gifts of God—Rejoice ! rejoice !

The loving hearts that cling to thee
With tenderness so true ;
The looks and tones of sympathy ;
Thine *old* friends, and thy *new* ;
The converse of the great and good ;
The writings of the wise ;
Knowledge, received as wholesome food,
To thee so rich a prize ;—
These are the gifts of God—Rejoice ! rejoice !

The hope of better things to come,
Of higher joys in store ;
The vision of a brighter home,
Where change shall vex no more ;
All that the present brings to thee
Of blessings in their bloom ;
All that the great Eternity
Can yield beyond the tomb ;—
These are the gifts of God—Rejoice ! rejoice !

ALONE, ALONE.

ALONE, alone—in the world alone,
Pacing the desert wild ;
Say, who is this unacknowledged one,
With aspect calm and mild ?

Alone, alone—amid crowds alone,
He will not loit'ring stay ;
With hurried step, and detained by none,
He speedeth on his way.

Alone, alone—on the earth alone,
His heart seems far away,
In spirit-worlds, to our gaze unknown,
Where other sunbeams play.

Alone, alone—in the world alone,
He holds communion high,
With his sainted brethren, long since gone
To homes above the sky.

Alone, alone—in rough paths alone,
In pilgrim-garments now,
His eye discerneth a radiant crown,
Which soon shall deck his brow.

Alone, alone—in the world alone,
It is a heav'n-born child ;
He speaketh oft of a Saviour known,
A Father reconciled.

Alone, alone—until now alone,
With spirit glad and free,
He hasteth on, to God's holy throne—
I'll bear him company !

TO-DAY.

A WAKING THOUGHT.

THE hours of rest are over,
The hours of toil begin,
The stars above have faded,
The moon has ceased to shine ;

The earth puts on her beauty
Beneath the sun's red ray,
And I must rise to labour,—
What is my work to-day ?

To search for truth and wisdom,
To live for Christ alone,
To run my race unburdened,
The goal, my Father's throne.
To view by faith the promise,
While earthly hopes decay,
To serve the Lord with gladness,—
This is my work to-day.

To shun the world's allurements,
To bear my cross therein ;
To turn from all temptation,
To conquer every sin ;
To linger, calm and patient,
Where duty bids me stay,
To go where God may lead me,—
This is my work to-day.

To keep my troth unshaken,
Tho' others may deceive ;
To give with willing pleasure,
Or still with joy receive ;
To bring the mourner comfort,
To wipe sad tears away ;
To help the timid doubter,—
This is my work to-day.

To bear another's weakness ;
To soothe another's pain ;
To cheer the heart repentant,
And to forgive again ;
To commune with the thoughtful ;
To guide the young and gay ;
To profit all in season,—
This is my work to-day.

I think not of to-morrow,
Its trial or its task ;
But still with childlike spirit,
For present mercies ask ;

With each returning morning
I cast old things away,
Life's journey lies before me,—
My prayer is for to-day.

“THOU KNOWEST.”

THOU *askest* if I love thee, gracious Lord !
And every word of Thine seems but a sword
Piercing my soul. Can I, the fallen, speak ?
I, whom temptation's hour has shown so weak ?
My Saviour, spare me, ask me not again,
If thou art worshipped still : mere words are vain,
And oft my coward heart hath failed to prove
Its deep attachment, and its plighted love.
Time was, when I proclaimed to all around
That by Thy side I ever would be found,—
All others might their Lord and Friend deny,
But I, for His dear sake, would gladly die ;
And now my faltering lip forbears to tell
E'en to Thyself, that still I love Thee well.

Thou knowest, Lord, this is mine only stay,
My cherished comfort in this darkened day ;
I would not, if I could, from Thee conceal
The festered wound, which Thou alone canst heal ;
Thou knowest *all*, to Thee my heart has brought
Its every feeling, secret wish, and thought ;
Thou knowest all my *past* ; Thy care and pow'r
From infancy have kept me to this hour ;
Thou, Thou wast near me when I knew no rest,
Beneath the heavy weight of sin oppress ;
When first the heinousness of guilt appeared,
And I adored the righteous Judge I feared.
Thou too didst make my joy, when, reconciled,
I walked in peace with Thee, a pardoned child,
When prayer, and hope, and praise were mine,
And I was glad that Thou hadst made me Thine.
Dost Thou not know my *present* depths of sin,
The spreading spot of leprosy within ?
Thine eye, that pierceth to the lowest hell,
Has seen the chaos-world wherein I dwell,
To Thee my darkness is as mid-day clear,
And tho' I cannot view Thee, Thou art near.
Thou markest all my misery and woe,
And writest down the bitter tears that flow ;

Thou knowest too my *future* ; days and years
That still may wear away, 'mid doubts and fears ;
Thou knowest if my sky shall yet be bright,
If still "at evening time it shall be light."
Thus, then, mine own heart-searching God, I leave
My cause with Thee, whom no man can deceive ;
And if to follow Thee, through storm and night,
And bless Thee for the feeblest ray of light ;
If still to venture all my hope on Thee,
And make Thy blood my one and only plea,
Be counted in Thy sight a pledge, to prove
That Thou dost still possess my fervent love ;
Then this my broken heart, indeed, is Thine,
And Thou, my Saviour, and my God, art mine.

"GIVE ME TO DRINK."

HARK ! what is that voice I hear ?
Whose can be that earnest prayer,
Daily sounding in mine ear,
Give me to drink ?

Master, is it really Thine?
Thou—requiring gift of mine,
Askest Thou, at day's decline,
Give me to drink?

Can I then to Thee afford
Aught of help, or comfort, Lord,
Wherefore haunts me so that word,
Give me to drink?

Ruler of the earth and sky,
King of all the hosts on high;
Needest Thou that pleading cry,
Give me to drink?

Faith has solved the mystery,
And, instructed, now I see
How Thou urgest still the plea,
Give me to drink.

Thou and Thy redeemed are one,
And Thy pilgrims, faint and lone,
Whisper, by their wants made known,
Give me to drink.

Often on some weary day,
Droop they, halt they, on their way,
Can I wonder that they say,
Give me to drink ?

While I here on earth remain,
See Thy saints in want, or pain,
I must hear Thy voice again,
Give me to drink.

May I ever recognise,
Thee, in Thine, before mine eyes,
When their destitution cries,
Give me to drink.

May each suppliant at my door,
Shelterless, unclothed, or poor,
Vainly urge that prayer no more,
Give me to drink.

Saviour, if thy friends I feed,
Have not I a *deeper* need ?
I Thine own request will plead,
Give *me* to drink.

Yes, I have 'my thirstings too,
For the "gift of God" I know;
Thou hast all things to bestow,
Give me to drink.

Suffer me to ask of Thee,
Living water, pure and free;
Thou, whose mercy is for me,
Give me to drink.

All the wells of joy are Thine,
All the springs where sunbeams shine,
Make the crystal fountains mine,
Give me to drink.

Lord, my journey is not o'er,
Distant seems the heavenly shore,
Now—to-morrow—evermore—
Give me to drink.

**“WHY DOST THOU JUDGE THY
BROTHER?”**

JUDGE not thou thy brother !
Doubts his vision blind ;
Unbelief is forging
Fetters for his mind.
Vanished is his prospect
Of the world to come,
He beholds obscurely
His eternal home.

Hast *thou* never doubted ?
Never lost the light ?
Have thy faith and patience
Never been less bright ?
Speak the “ word in season,”
Re-assure his heart,
Bid his sad misgivings
One by one depart.

Judge not thou thy brother !

Grief has weighed him down,
An o'erwhelming burden,
Beareth he alone ;
Praise is all forgotten,
And his footsteps slip,
Now his anthem ceasing,
Covered is his lip.

Has the load of sorrow

Never yet been thine ?

Hast thou known no treasures

Canker in their shrine ?

Thou too hast been silent

In thy day of woe,

Weep with him whose tear-drops

For a while must flow.

Judge not thou thy brother !

In the danger-hour,

Fearfully he shrinketh,

Questioning Christ's power ;

Harassed by temptation,
Weakness is his plea,
Overcome by faintness,
Turneth he to flee.

Hast thou never trembled,
Coward as thou art ?
Never fled from duty,
Jonah-like in heart ?
Warn him how God's tempest
Followed on thy track,
How, by sternest chastening,
Mercy brought thee back.

Judge not thou thy brother !
He has been in sin ;
Bitter was his conflict,
He has failed to win :
Satan now prevailing,
Laugheth him to scorn,—
Of his deep repentance
Dark despair is born.

Hast thou never fallen,
 When thou too hast striven ?
Hast thou by the Saviour
 Never been forgiven ?
Tell how Jesus pardons
 An adopted child ;
Show him how the sinner
 May be reconciled.

Judge not thou thy brother !
 God shall make him stand ;
Christ will lead him safely
 To the holy land,
Where the throne of sapphire
 Sheds around its light,—
Where the Lord of glory
 Meets the angels' sight,—

Where all saints are sinless,
 Where they all are strong,
Where no sorrow husheth
 The triumphant song ;

There thou yet shalt meet him,
Very far away,—
There shall be the greetings
Of some future day.

THE ARK OF REFUGE.

Who shall be safe in this dread hour ?
The day has turned to night ;
The waters rise, the tempests lower,
The sun withdraws his light.

The Christian Church is borne above
The sweeping deluge-tide ;
And Christ Himself, with changeless love,
Becomes her guard and guide.

That "Refuge" rideth on the sea,
And God hath shut us in,
To watch, with full security,
A world's wreck, caused by sin.

High billows are upon the deep,
And all the sky is dark,
But faithfulness and mercy keep
The covenanted Ark.

If filled at times with doubt or grief,
Rich consolations reign ;
God's Spirit brings the "olive-leaf,"
And peace is ours again.

We fear no more the raging sea,
Christ's word shall call a calm ;
And we shall sing, as black clouds flee,
A glad thanksgiving psalm.

Soon shall the ark in safety rest
On some eternal height ;
The hills shall be with verdure drest,
And bathed in quenchless light.

Then, as in Noah's case of old,
The rainbow shall be seen,
And gazing forth, we shall behold .
A new world, fair—serene.

“HOPE THOU IN GOD.”

THOU child of God, in sorrow,
Hope for a brighter day,
The sunshine of the morrow
Shall chase thy griefs away.

Though racking pain distress thee,
And shake thy weary frame,
A Saviour's love shall bless thee,
In sickness prove the same.

Thy brother's eye beholds thee,
His heart feels all thy woes ;
His mighty arm upholds thee,
Thine every care He knows.

Earth's rest is all polluted,
And would thy soul destroy ;
Thou'rt from this world uprooted,
To find in Him thy joy.

Thy former friends may leave thee,
Companions may be few,
But will not Christ receive thee,
The Faithful and the True?

Thy tried and lonely spirit
Thirsts for the living God,
And pleads alone the merit
Of rich, redeeming blood.

Shrink not because He chastens,
But to the end endure;
Each thrill of anguish hastens
The hour of perfect cure.

Take up a song of gladness
While smarting 'neath the rod;
Triumphant over sadness,
Witness before thy God.

Proclaim His sov'reign power
O'er suffering and disease,
And, in affliction's hour,
Tell of the spirit's peace.

SEED-TIME.

"CAST thy bread upon the waters,"
Sow in faith the little seed ;
Be not idle, faint, or weary,
God's eternal promise plead :
With the old man and the stripling,
With the rich and with the poor,—
Think, that when to-morrow dawneth,
Seed-time may be thine no more.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Sow in faith the little seed ;
Wind and drought, and rain and sunshine,
Still each other shall succeed.
In the morning, in the evening,
Scatter still with bounteous hand ;
Here and there some grain, forgotten,
Germinates in fruitful land.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Sow in faith the little seed ;
Be of great results expectant,
For the harvest is decreed.

Now thou knowest not the issue,
Now thou must confide in God ;
He can cause thy work to prosper,
Guiding all events for good.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
Sow in faith the little seed ;
Oft an unseen blessing hallows
Some unthought-of word or deed.
God shall give thee sweet rejoicing,
After many gloomy days,
And thine everlasting anthem
Shall declare the Master's praise.

THE HOUR OF SOLITUDE.

How soothing oft is Memory's pow'r
In midnight's peaceful, lonely hour,
To trace, with pencil true, the Past,
And o'er the picture radiance cast !
How strangely perfect is the spell,
While we in vision seem to dwell
Again, in other scenes, with those
Who now among the dead repose !

Each cherished friend of former years,
Unchanged, to mental view appears,
The face and form in life so dear
Their old familiar aspect wear :
The music of the grave-hushed voice
In fancy bids us still rejoice,
While gratefully we ponder o'er
Love-words, on earth unspoken more !
Thus it is ours to live again
Old days, when gladness held her reign ;
To bring the lost or absent near,
And wakeful hours of darkness cheer.
It is not in the busy crowd,
Where careless laughter soundeth loud,
That we can taste our purest joy,
The peace no stranger can destroy.
We leave the giddy multitude,
Where all is noise and tumult rude,
Glad our allotted task is done,
And we are once again alone.
The spirit, then no more opprest,
Anticipates the heavenly rest,
And finds its needed strength renewed
In that blest " hour of solitude."

TEACH ME.

TEACH me to pray,—to come with broken heart
To Thee, my Lord, as wounded once for me;
My Guide, mine own Almighty Friend Thou art,
Confidingly I would draw near to Thee.

Teach me to feel that Thou hast known my grief,
Mine hours of darkness, and my days of doubt;
To seek no more from other source relief,
When pressed by fears within, or foes without.

Teach me in sorrow to approach Thy throne,
And by Thy Spirit led, with boldness plead:
To realize that I am not alone,—
For Thou art near me in my utmost need.

Teach me to see, yea, more, to mourn my sin,
Yet bring it all to Thee, Thou Christ of God!
And, while the plague still rankles sore within,
To know the cleansing of a Saviour's blood.

Teach me to live with bright hopes fixed on high,
Thyself my treasure, may my heart be Thine !
Then shall I count it gain indeed to die,
And still with failing breath proclaim Thee mine.

THE CONFLICT.

WORLD of spirits ! dim and distant,
Thou art all unknown to me ;
Yet my heart and flesh are failing,
And I soon must haste to thee.
Storms and tempests, darkly warring,
Bid me seek a better home ;
Earth is with her joys receding,
Angel-voices whisper—Come.

World of spirits ! still I linger,
Trembling on thine awful brink,
Still to this dark land of sorrow
Finding some unsevered link ;
Though I thought the chain was broken
Which so long had bound me here,
Yet, when Death's dread hour approaches,
Gloom prevails—I shrink and fear.

World of spirits ! bright and lovely,
Where the wearied find their rest ;
Where no sin, no danger enters,
Where no cruel foes molest.
Oh ! it is not all such darkness ;—
Beams of light break forth for me,
Once again my hope rekindles,
And I long to be set free.

World of spirits ! holy dwelling
Of the saved and ransomed just,
Where they wait their resurrection,
While their frames return to dust :
In the hour of my departure,
Joy will triumph over fear ;
I shall hear a Father's welcome,
I shall see a Saviour near.

ZWINGLE'S RESTING-PLACE.

"Thy truth endureth from generation to generation."

Yes ; Zwingle sleeps. The deaf'ning shout of war
Shall break no more the priestly soldier's rest,

His was a cruel death, by ruthless hands
Effected, yet unmoved by pain, he looked
Beyond the present to a distant world,
Where martyrs serve their God with ceaseless love.
“Man cannot kill the soul.” Blest dying words !
I hear the echo of their music now :
Still Zwingli lives ; for near Christ’s burning
throne

His spirit dwells, and tastes eternal joy.
Undaunted martyr-soldier ! Much I love
The story of his short and troubled life,
And Zurich has for me a charm beyond
Lakes Leman, and Lucerne, so rich, so bright
With nature’s beauty, girt with snow-clad hills ;
Their glories please the *sense*, this to the heart
Doth speak, with deep and everlasting truths.
A spirit’s voice has whispered to me here
On Cappel’s field. May I the lesson learn.
Too oft in sadness I have mourned to think,
The ancient champions for the faith are gone,
No Luther now, no Zwingli speaks with power,—
And we, a puny race, remain to tell
Redemption’s story. Faint and feeble heart !
So oft reproved, so unbelieving still ;

Few weeks have passed away since last I heard,
From mortal lips the old and well-known tale
Of sin, and of salvation—all unchanged.
As years roll on, and generations die,
The truth of God endureth still the same.

“HE SHALL RETURN TO THE DAYS OF
HIS YOUTH.”

How bright the early dawn of life divine,
 'Mid clouds of darkness breaking !
How dear the voice of Him who died for men,
 A *first* forgiveness speaking !

How childlike is the new-born, simple faith,
 Which trusts the Lord in sorrow,
Content to bear the present burden sent,
 Not thoughtful for the morrow.

How precious is the holy breath of prayer,
 When terror's storm is over,
And God doth give communion full and sweet,
 With Christ the heav'nly Lover.

How near appear the gates of heaven then,
How bright celestial glory !
This world's illusions seem forgotten dreams,
Her tale a cheating story.

Oh ! that those days of joy were mine again,
For these my heart is pleading ;
Behold me, Saviour, on life's rough highway,
My pilgrim wounds are bleeding.

The dust of earth is cleaving to my feet,
With sin and doubt I'm weary ;
The clouds are gathering thickly o'er my head,
The wilderness is dreary.

Now grant revival by thy Spirit's pow'r,
That days of youth returning,
My love may kindle to a flame once more,
The smoking flax thus burning.

So shall I praise the Balm of Gilead still,
All-virtuous for my healing,
So shall I sing in hymns of grateful joy,
Thy Spirit's latest sealing.

.

“WHOM, HAVING NOT SEEN, WE
LOVE.”

I HAVE not looked upon that rainbow-girded throne
Where Thou, my Saviour, sitteth,
I have not seen Thy robe of light, Thy dazzling
crown ;
Eternal King of glory !
I have not been, indeed, where tens of thousands
stand,
To minister before Thee ;
I have not entered yet that beauteous, far-off land,
Or trod Thy Father's mansions :
'Tis true—I have not seen Thee,
And yet, I think, I love Thee.

I have not seen Thee walking on this dark, sad
earth
A way-worn Man of sorrow,
With bitter shame and grief acquainted from Thy
birth,
A King, despised, rejected :

I cannot call to mind Thy thorn-encircled brow,
Bedewed with drops of anguish;
I have not traced the print of wounds, still bleed-
ing now,
With rude, and daring finger—
But though I have not seen Thee,
Thy grace has made me love Thee.

I have not seen Thee yet as David's holy Son,
With all thy saints appearing,
To make earth's kingdoms, long, alas! usurped,
Thine own,
To rule, and reign for ever—
But faith expects to see the glorious vision still,
And waits with eager longing—
My Saviour, hasten: come: Thy precious Word
fulfil:
Oh! give Thy *promised* blessing
To those who have not seen Thee,
And yet, believing, love Thee.

THE MOURNER'S HYMN.

THE hopes that made my gladness
Have perished one by one,
And now in deepest sadness
I sit and mourn alone.

My sin hath brought my sorrow,
And Thou art righteous still :
From earth I will not borrow
False joy, my cup to fill.

Beneath my burden sighing,
Not one can comfort me ;
Before Thine altar lying,
My God, I wait for Thee.

In anguish I have striven,
To say—"Thy will be done :"
Oh ! may the strength be given
Which comes from Thee alone.

'Tis well that Thou hast taken
Mine idol-gods away ;
But why hast Thou forsaken
Mine everlasting stay ?

When Thou hast pardon spoken,
In other times to me,
The spirit's bands were broken,
I felt that I was free.

Would that, Thy blood receiving,
Mine heart might be at ease :
Would that Thy Word believing,
I might go forth in peace !

Then towards Thy kingdom pressing,
Life's struggle would be brief,
And still the Mourner's blessing
Should calm the Mourner's grief.

"PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE, O GOD."

'Tis but to touch a harp with riven strings,
 To faltering lays,
And yet to Thee, my God, my spirit brings
 Its song of praise.

I am not worthy, O my righteous King,
 To tell Thy fame ;
My heart misgives me, while I strive to sing,
 And bless Thy name.

But still I come ! Do Thou accept the strain,
 Poor though it be ;
And whisper to my troubled soul again,
 That doubts may flee.

I would rejoice for all that Thou hast given
 In Christ, to me,
For grace, and peace, and gladdening hope of heaven,
 Not bought, but free.

Teach me aright to bless Thee for a love
Which knows no change ;
A care, which every hour I wondering prove,
So great, so strange !

For countless mercies from Thy hand, my God,
Which never cease ;
For each fresh sprinkling of that glorious blood
Which speaketh peace.

For trials sent from Thee, to *prove* my faith,
Not to destroy,
For that loved voice, which in my trouble saith
I am thy joy.

I bless Thee for Thy stern, rebuking word,
Spoken to me ;
For all the sharpness of the two-edged sword,
Given of Thee.

For that just Law, which shows my lost estate,
Each day, each hour ;
Without its curse, I had not known sin's weight,
Or felt its pow'r.

But for Thy Gospel's welcome to the lost,
The blind, the poor,
With trembling joy, I'll praise Thee most
Till life is o'er.

And oh ! not least for that bright beaming star,
Thy prophecy,
Which points to promised glories, distant far,
Reserved for me.

I see, by faith, my holy home above,
Jerusalem !
Adorned so richly, by my Saviour's love,
With pearl and gem.

I long to enter the eternal gates,
And sin no more ;
My best and sweetest praise suspended waits
For that glad hour.

Then shall my harp possess no broken string,
My song to mar ;
And in the everlasting praise I bring,
No note shall jar.

ILLNESS IN ROME.

Is it no dream ? Am I indeed in Rome ?
My life-long wish fulfilled at length, I dwell
Within the ancient city ; and my feet
Have stood within the ruined theatre
Where gladiators fought, and Christians bled.
What overwhelming thoughts came crowding fast
Upon my brain confused, the while I gazed
On that vast pile ! The past seemed present then,
And slaughtered martyrs rose to live and speak—
Ah ! moments such as these may well repay
The wand'rer's toil, whose goal is Italy !
But now Rome's glories all have been to me
Eclipsed ; by fever laid upon the couch
Of bitter pain, unwilling prisoner kept.
Yet in my darkened room, awake sweet thoughts
Of yet another, and a fairer land—
Another city, where no sun, or moon
Have need to give their dim, uncertain light.
Jerusalem ! the bride of Heaven's King.
What earthly tongue can rightly tell her praise ?
Her blest inhabitants shall know no pain,

.

No weariness, no sigh of hope deferred.
No disappointment enters *there*, no dread
Of moth or rust. How precious is the hope
That I shall one day see her courts of light :
My gladness then shall know no more alloy ;
The portal entered by a Saviour's grace,
Is not re-passed—I shall go out no more.

“WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT
THEE?”

CAN there be solitude, my God, with Thee so near,
Can I, in Thy glad presence, know distress or fear ?
Oh ! check the reckless murmur ever rising still,
Which proves that *Thine*, is not Thy servant's only
will.

I yearn for other gifts, when Thou thyself art mine,
I see my way marked out in love, and yet repine.
Shall it be always thus ? Do Thou forbid it, Lord ;
Behold my need, and weakness ; greater grace afford.
Come, visit once again Thy wayward, sickly child,
And smile, as Thou, in days gone by, hast often
smiled.

Then shall my harp of praise afresh be tuned for
Thee.

No chain shall bind to earth, my spirit, thus set
free ;

But songs of joy shall tell that my Beloved is
mine,

And holy light shall o'er my halting footsteps shine.
I long for Thee, my Saviour ! Even in this dark
day,

From Thee proceeds the only bright, or cheering
ray,

Thy world, so beautiful, contains not aught for
me,

Which can the least compare, in preciousness, with
Thee.

Some few that I have made companions in the land,
Have proved but pricking thorns, to pierce my
trusting hand ;

In joy or woe, in life or death, my prayer shall be,
My Shelter—Shepherd—King, I would be found
in Thee.

THE HERO'S FUNERAL.

• Suggested by the Obsequies of November 18th, 1852.

WE call our brave men heroes, and we mourn them
as they go
In gloomy pomp and splendour to the grave-home
of the great ;
With heavy hearts we sorrow, that the virtuous are
laid low,
Our country's strong defenders, and the servants
of the State.

With martial music echoing,—with choral anthems
sung,
We lay them 'mid their fathers, for the long, un-
broken sleep,
But then, our courage failing, and our much-tried
nerves unstrung,
We cast the dust upon them, and we turn aside to
weep.

Then, as in social gatherings, we meet round fires
by night,
We yield ourselves to memory, and muse o'er years
long fled ;
We talk to wond'ring children of the morning's
solemn sight,
And give in falt'ring accents still, the story of the
dead.

We bid them listen quietly, as thankfully we
tell
Of lives spent all unselfishly, and deeds of valour
done,
And speak of England's bitter woe, for those she
values well,
The scourges of her enemies, the bulwarks of her
throne.

Some few thoughts may be given to the ever-living
soul,
Unsmitten, while the feeble frame is shattered by
Death's rod,

And vexing doubts may o'er the mind, like dark'ning
shadows roll,
While haunted by the question—Is the warrior with
God?

We judge not, and we dare not judge! We leave
to One above,
The sentence firm, unerring, which shall give to
joy, or grief;
We crown the men who serve us with a nation's
crown of love,
And pay our debt of gratitude, in tears which bring
relief.

'Tis *well*, for they are worthy, and have earned a
rich reward,
Their names shall last for ever,—shall be watch-
words in our land;
Our young shall learn to bless them, and like faith-
fully to guard
The liberties of Englishmen, as round the throne
they stand.

But we have other heroes, who on earth obtained no
fame,
They struggled with temptation, and they combated
with sin ;
Their battle was the nobler, and their long-sought
victory came,
It was their *heav'n* to conquer, and it was their *life*
to win.

The world's scorn was their portion, and they
meekly bore it all,
To them it was nothing, that they met with no
renown,
Our village church-yards hold them now, the yew-
'tree is their pall,
The sunset rays their glory, and wild-flowers their
only crown.

A future day shall call them from their deep and
calm repose,
To meet the saved of every age, the true, the wise,
the good,

Then shall we know them thoroughly, their struggles,
sufferings, woes ;

Then shall we hail them conquerors, these soldier-
men of God.

But they will yield all praises unto Him who made
them strong,

Who found them goodly armour, and who bore
them through the strife,

Who cheered them on to victory with some guardian-
angel's song,

Who gave to Faith the vision of the glorious crown
of life.

**“WE HAVE NOT FOLLOWED CUN-
NINGLY DEvised FABLES.”**

Go to, ye careless mockers,

Despise it as ye will,

There is a truth and power

In Christ's religion still.

No more ideal day-dream

The true believer hath,

There is a secret brightness,
Which shines around his path.
There is a life, and unction,
A vivid, holy joy,
A love within his bosom,
No waters can destroy !
He has a peace in sadness,
A hope beyond the grave,
A full and sweet dependance,
On Him who died to save.
A throne and crown await him,
Bought by his Surety's blood ;
An endless rest in heaven,
A portion in his God !

I WOULD NOT BE AGAIN A CHILD.

How light, how transient were the wayward griefs
That o'er my early years their shadow cast,
The smile returning ere the tears were dry,
Declared the sorrow with the moment past :—
And yet, I would not be again a child.

How beautiful I thought the daisy-wreath
With which I then adorned my infant brow,
No coronet would be so highly prized,
Or give the wearer half such pleasure now :
And yet, I would not be again a child.

How deeply blue then seemed my summer-sky,
How radiant were the tints of every flower,
How sweet my wanderings in the cool, green fields,
Without one care to shade the joyous hour :
And yet, I would not be again a child.

How soft and peaceful were my slumbers then,
Blessed by that lovely thing, a mother's song,
How welcome was the waking with the day,
How glad the greeting with my playmate-throng :
And yet, I would not be again a child.

Nay, though succeeding years have rudely chased
The early blush of youth and health away,
Though here and there a stray white hair appears,
To tell me I am changing every day :
'Tis *well*—I would not be again a child.

And though more heavy sorrows weigh me down
Than pressed upon my heart, in days of yore,
Though thought has left its lines upon my brow,
And I shall laugh as once I laughed no more :

Still, still I would not be again a child.

I would not change the deep and thrilling joy
Which in some quiet hours now fills my heart,
For all the careless mirth of other days,
Before a harsh, rough world had made me smart :

In truth, I would not be again a child.

Yea, more,—my God has shown me that I travel on
Thro' many trials to an endless rest ;
Each day but brings life nearer to a close—
If hastening to the mansions of the blest,

For worlds, I would not be again a child.

'Tis joy to think thus far my race is run,
So many toils and dangers safely o'er—
My heart is fainting for my Father's land,
My long-sought home seems nearer every hour :

Oh ! no, I would not be again a child !

**"THE HEART KNOWETH HIS OWN BIT-
TERNESS, AND A STRANGER DOTH
NOT INTERMEDDLE WITH HIS JOY."**

I SEEK a lonely place to weep,
When sorrow is most real and deep,
And breathe my prayer to One on high,
When none to comfort me are nigh ;
Such moments bring their own relief,
And ease the soul of half its grief.
The task that proves so painful here,
Is to restrain each sigh and tear,
And calmly still to keep supprest
The anguish pent within the breast—
To give back faintly smile for smile,
While inward tempests reign the while,
And not one careless stander-by
Suspects the hidden misery.
How oft I've watched throughout the day,
The tardy moments wear away,
With yearnings for returning night,
To shield, at length, from mortal sight.
But if, in all earth's many woes,
The heart alone its burden knows,

So when the purest bliss is mine,
I guard it in an inner shrine,
My vexing trials disappear,
Fresh hopes arise—new comforts cheer,
And in the joy that gilds my lot,
The stranger intermeddleth not.

EVENING SHADOWS.

“A servant earnestly desireth the shadow.”

Now the evening shadows lengthen,
And the stars will soon appear,
Every fleeting moment tells me,
That the hour of rest is near.

I rejoice, for I am weary,
Fain would lie me down and sleep;
Oft I long to cease from labour,
Death's repose is sweet as deep.

Still, my Master, Thou requirest
Service here, “a little while,”
Help me, then, to work with patience,
Cheer me by Thy love and smile.

FOR EVER.

"That which God doeth it shall be for ever." •

"For ever!" Ah! the words are spoken oft,
And lightly spoken. Who amongst us knows
Their solemn import to the sons of time?
The works of the Supreme are like Himself,
Eternal in their nature, and remain
In being, or result, always unchanged.
Nothing that God has done shall pass away
And leave no trace; even his creatures' acts,
Allowed by him to work His perfect will,
Must bear their sure and everlasting fruit.
Man has been made immortal; not alone
Shall every word and deed of his endure
In its effects, but he, too, must exist
In all the future of eternity,
Accursed or blessed. *Unending* joy or woe!
Unending life! *Unending* second death!
Can these things really be, and we forget,
With careless heart, the dread realities?
God warns the world by those tremendous words,

“For ever!”—and upon the page of truth
They burn, by an unerring Witness graded.
Unfaithful men have robbed them of their strength,
And trifled with their meaning, but they stand
All unerased, their message bearing still.
That message to the child of God is fraught
With consolation most unspeakable!
What would he be without it? How endure
His lot on earth? His well-instructed mind
Perceives the sophistry which would destroy
The plain and obvious sense of Scripture phrase.
The great “For ever!” of the world to come
Is measured only by the life of Him
Who *cannot* die or change. Because *He* lives,
His friends must live with Him. Because *He* lives,
His enemies must prove His righteous wrath.
The Christian well may feel a holy joy
In such assurance given. For him the words,
“For ever!” glow and shine with light from heaven.
He *could* not be content with earth and time;
The baubles of the hour may satisfy
The worldly mind, but he indeed has known
Far higher, better things: he has beheld
By faith the treasures of the house of God;

He has communed with One whose converse sweet
Has been of the Invisible and True ; he expects
Nought less than an *eternal* rest above.
This hope it is which makes earth's sorrows light,
Which gives the weight to glory yet unseen ;
This cheers him on his solitary road
When dearest ones have left him for the grave ;
This bids him smile at pain, and welcome death.
The precious words, " For ever ! " he discerns
Inscribed on all God's best and choicest gifts :
Upon the love Divine which he has proved,
Upon the grace which has been freely given,
Upon the truth he has been taught to know,
Upon his work—his friendships formed in Christ—
His incorruptible inheritance.
Could *he* be torn from Jesus—lose again
His new-found pleasures and his highest bliss ?
Could he, although in ages yet to come,
Be banished from the presence of his God,
Or die in soul ? Then were his lot more sad
Than that of one who never sought the Lord.
But no ; this cannot be. Our motto still
Shall be our God's, " For ever ! " and we wait
To serve Him through His *own* Eternity.

THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST.

"Blessed is the man whom Thou teacheest."

WITH manifold instruction
The heirs of life are trained,
Till heaven's portals opening,
Their holy prize is gained.

Behold me, Lord, Thy scholar,
Waiting to learn from Thee
The knowledge of salvation,
The truth which maketh free.

How deep, how grand the study,
Each day and hour I find;
Still every lesson proves me
But dull of heart and mind.

For Thou art always speaking,
Thy speech distils as dew,
And I, my task forgetting,
Must ever learn anew.

Thou teachest much by chast'ning
For old, besetting sin,
By pain, by want, by weakness,
By ceaseless discipline.

Thou teachest by temptation,
By weary vigils kept,
By deep and earnest conflicts,
By troubled slumbers slept.

Thou teachest by the darkness,
Tempest and thunder loud ;
Before Thy promised rainbow
Gilds the departing cloud.

Thou teachest by the sunshine,
When storms have passed away ;
The Christian *has* his spring-time,
His long, bright summer day.

Oh ! keep me ever learning,
Subdued beneath Thy rod ;
Make me a better scholar,
But teach me *still*, my God !

“THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.”**A LESSON.**

HAST thou seen the ripening rosebud reach the
beauty of the flower—

Marked the summer cloud-streaks gather, till they
bring the drenching shower ?

Hast thou watched the dawn of sunlight brighten
into perfect day—

Seen the rippled waves of ocean lashed to surf, and
foam, and spray ?

Hast thou known some spark neglected kindle the
devouring flame,

Or beheld the sure maturing of an infant's feeble
frame ?

Hast thou marked the slow expansion of the baby-
student's mind—

Watched him ponder o'er his problems, and each
day new knowledge find ?

.

Learn the truth creation teaches, 'tis a lesson for the
wise,
From the things thou callest trifles, large and sure
results arise.

Progress is the law of nature, progress is the law of
life ;
Good and evil are perfecting, meeting now in cease-
less strife.

As the pent-up, rushing river hasteth to the bound-
less sea,
So the stream of time is tending onwards to eter-
nity.

Mighty issues are impending, God alone can view
the end ;
But unceasing blessings follow those who find in
Him their Friend.

By the earnest of thy present all thy future may be
known ;
Grace contains the germ of greatness, and the cross
precedes the throne.

If on earth Christ's lot thou choosest, seeking still
His praise alone,
He will own thee for a servant, when each saint
receives his crown.

Now the lamp of truth may flicker, as the glimmer-
ing glowworm light ;
Halt not on thy narrow pathway, for its ray shall
grow more bright.

Now thy faith may seem but feeble, and thy zeal
untempered prove,
But the precious seeds shall ripen into perfect trust
and love.

Now thy tones of praise may falter, wafted o'er the
desert sand,—
Well ! thy song shall wake the echoes of the blest
millennial land.

Scorn no more thy day of small things, for thy race
is yet unrun ;
God's Eternity awaits thee, and thy life is just
begun.

Higher gifts and richer blessings still remain reserved for thee ;
Hour by hour God's grace prepares thee for thy *final* destiny !

WAR.

“ The mourners go about the streets.”

God's scourge is on our country,
Her nobles mourn and weep ;
The young and brave have fallen,
And lie in lasting sleep.

How many hearths are darkened,
How many homes are sad !
How many hearts are broken
That yesterday were glad !

Young brides and orphan maidens
Are left on earth alone ;
Too oft an aged mother
Laments a first-born son.

If "Alma" be our glory,
What did that triumph cost !
How checks our proud exultings,
The memory of the lost !

A wise and Christian nation
Should weigh the gold's alloy,
And prayer and praise should mingle
With solemn, chastened joy.

'Tis true our noble soldiers
Have laid them down to die,
With honour dearly purchased,
And shouts of victory.

But now a wail of anguish
Ascends unto our God—
The bitter lamentation,
For precious, out-poured blood.

So new is yet the sorrow,
It seems a fearful dream,
As day by day there floweth
Ever the crimson stream.

Would that the God of armies
Were more our trust and stay,
And we were humbly seeking
His strength to win the day.

When will the strife be over ?
When will the sword be sheathed ?
When will be lulled to silence
The sighs of suffering breathed ?

The world is not improving,
Old evils still remain ;
We live amidst contentions,
In scenes of sin and pain.

Oh ! Prince of peace, Thine advent
Is still our hope and song ;
Come, to refresh the weary,
To make the feeble strong.

Come, to rebuke oppression,
To lead Thy chosen band ;
Come, with Thy righteous sceptre,
To reign o'er every land.

Then shall the earth be quiet,
Then shall the Church be blest,
And then the troubled nations
Shall be again at rest.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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